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| **Name** | **Type** | **Size** | **XP Rating** |
| Raider Veteran | Human | Medium | 4 (65 XP) |

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| **Strength** | 7 (+2) |  | **Armor Class** | 14 (Combat, M) | | **Action Points** | 8 |
| **Perception** | 7 (+2) |  | **Avg. Hit Points** | 54 | | **Hit Dice** | 9d8 + 18 |
| **Endurance** | 7 (+2) |  |  | |  | | |
| **Charisma** | 6 (+1) |  | **Damage Vulnerabilities** | |  | | |
| **Intelligence** | 7 (+2) |  | **Damage Resistances** | |  | | |
| **Agility** | 8 (+3) |  | **Damage Immunities** | |  | | |
| **Luck** | 6 (+1) |  | **Condition Immunities** | | Frightened | | |

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| **Special Traits** | **Special Actions** |
| **Veterancy (3).** The raider has a bonus +3 to all attack rolls. | **Command (2 AP).** The raider dispels the *frightened* condition from an ally that can hear or see it, or orders that unit to immediately make an attack without spending any AP. |

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| **Monster Description** |
| Raiders are the scourge of the Wasteland. Loosely organized, with a power hierarchy based on pure ruthlessness, they will attack anyone at any time...for any reason. But most of all, they raid for supplies: food, water, ammo, gear, and the ever-sought chem hit.  Veterans have been there, seen that, and killed it, too. They have no more delusions about escaping fights or finding purpose in life. They just want power, loot, and sweet chems to feel good again. Ironically, though raiders at this stage are among the most inhuman and cruel, they tend to take on patriarchal/matriarchal roles in their gangs, shepherding the newer recruits. In combat, they are relentless combatants and skilled commanders, enforcing backbone in groups traditionally known more for opportunism than discipline. They have but one motto – give us a good high or give us a good death. |